

VOLUME I.

FEBRUARY 1, 1883.

NUMBER 5.



~ Issued every Thursday ~

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a Copy.



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"LIFE"

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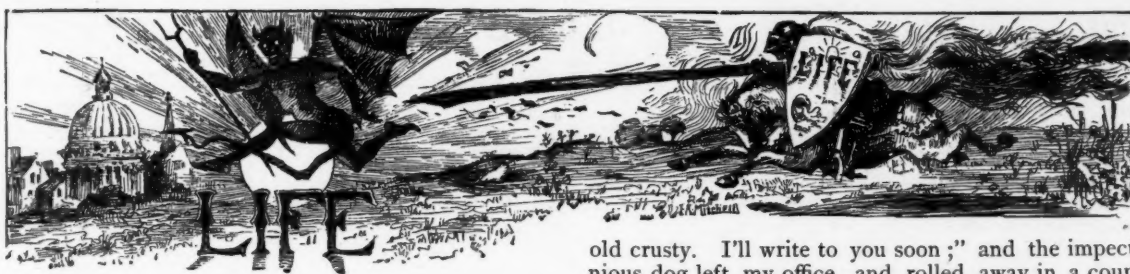
* It ought to become the leading paper of its class. We will not call it the American *Punch*, but rather a rival of what *Punch* was in the long ago. There is room for such a paper at the top, and LIFE is competent to fill that place."—*Lowell Vox Populi*.

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RES ANGUSTÆ DOMI.



"Y dear boy, don't think of going to Mount Desert," said I to Tom Davidson. "You say you are a misogynist, and that you are going to that summer paradise of American girls. The result will be inevitable."

"Result inevitable? What do you mean?" asked Tom, sacrilegiously tilting back in one of my chairs.

"I mean just this. You are very young, and just out of the medical school.

You are as poor as Job's turkey, and you say that you are a misogynist. Now my experience has taught me that when a young man declares that he is a misogynist he is sure to be married within a year. I was a misogynist once myself—but there are chords—" My voice faltered a little, and Tom considerably looked aside at my law-books.

"It's all bosh!" he said, in his brusque, explosive way, "to say that I should not go to Mount Desert because there are women there. Why, hang it, they are everywhere. There are seventy thousand more of them than there are men in this very Commonwealth!"

"Yes," said I; "but there are no buck-boards, nor little row-boats, nor rocks, nor moonshine here. Young man! you are rushing into danger. You are such a good fellow that you will never marry a girl with money, and just think what your position will be. A married man with no income, and butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers jumping up like sheeted ghosts in every direction."

"Humbug," said Tom. "I'm off! I shall shoot, row and fish, and never talk to a woman. Good-bye,

old crusty. I'll write to you soon;" and the impecunious dog left my office, and rolled away in a coupé which had been waiting for him.

During the next six months I received the following letters from and concerning Tom, which, for convenience, I annex hereto, labelling them respectively "A," "B," and "C."

"A."

BAR HARBOR, MT. DESERT, August 13th, 188—.

DEAR BUSCOTT,—I have just got back from a row around to Southwest Harbor and up Somes' Sound with Will Prescott, the oar. I am as fit as a fiddle. I have managed to get a little fishing, and have climbed up all the hills. The place swarms with girls in every conceivable eccentricity of costume. Most of the men are idiots enough to devote their whole time to them. I went sketching the other day, and couldn't find a nook unoccupied for three miles. The coast should be partitioned off like oyster-stalls. One or two of us have sufficient strength of mind to improve our muscles and not to lose our heads. Hearts are not lost here, I believe. I was entrapped the other day into a picnic. The number of picnics here is extraordinary. Murray Hill says that it is a place of forty picnic power a day. I couldn't get out of it. I didn't have *aplomb* enough to evade my hostess. I was compelled to sit for three hours next to a girl. I believe that her name was Frazer. Somebody said that she was from Philadelphia. I talked to her about vivisection at first and then about Shelley. Or rather she talked about Shelley. She is called pretty. I am going fishing to-morrow.

Yours sincerely,

THOMAS A'BECKETT DAVIDSON.

(This is endorsed in my characteristic legal hand "Hooked.")

"B."

MT. DESERT, Sept. 10th, 188—.

DEAR OLD BUSCOTT,—I know that you will laugh, and say, "I told you so," when I tell you that I am engaged to be married to Miss Caroline Frazer, of Philadelphia. I am the most fortunate man who ever lived. I suppose that you are smiling sardonically, but you are a shallow worldling.

Yours,

T. D.

(Endorsed "Landed.")

"C."

MR. and MRS. CLEMENT FRAZER

Request the honour of your presence at the marriage of their daughter CAROLINE to THOMAS A'BECKETT DAVIDSON, at ST. BARNABAS' CHURCH, on Friday, November sixteenth, at noon.

(Endorsed—As my engagements did not permit, I did not go to Tom's wedding.)

He sent me his address in New York and told me that he intended to practise there. The next January I found myself in that alleged metropolis, and having finished my business, I bethought myself of Tom and his wife.

But as I looked through my pocket-book for their address, I remembered that I had forgotten to send them any token of affection at the time of their wedding. So, I scoured Broadway for a suitable gift. A year ago I had given to Dan Cobb, who was to take his bonny bride to a ranch in Dakota, an exceedingly ornamental plaque; and I wished to avoid a like mistake this time. To find anything suitable for a pair of impecunious turtle-doves, was a problem for my great legal mind.

I was about giving it up in despair when I saw in a neat little window a most attractive array of objects of *bijoutrie* and *vertu*. Walking in, I was surprised at the charming taste shown on every side. A dark, gray carpet covered the floor, and the walls were stained

so as to form a good background for numberless brass sconces, etchings and mirrors with frames of wrought metal. A carved side-board at the back of the shop was brave with cut-glass and shining silver. On neat shelves behind the little counter, were rows of brass inkstands, dragon candle-sticks, copper kettles, silver coffee-spoons, and the thousand and one trifles sacred to the hymeneal altar. A young and pretty woman glided towards me, and asked me in a voice full of the music of the South:

"Can I show you anything?"

"I am looking for something to give as a wedding present," I stammered.

"How does this suit you?" she asked, pointing to a rococo French clock.

"I do not think that quite suitable," I said. "I want to get something useful——"

"For a wedding present?" laughed the fair shopkeeper.

"It was a foolish fancy of mine, I will, after all, admit. I will take that brass plate with the head of Charlemagne beaten into it. It will give a great deal of pleasure to a young Benedict, who doesn't know where his next dinner is coming from. How much is it?"

The angelic shopkeeper mentioned a price which would have pleased Charlemagne, and I walked out of

the shop with a polite bow, carrying the plate done up in a neat bundle under my arm.

Davidson's residence proved to be in a very nice apartment house on a side street.

"A penniless man always lives well," I thought, as I shot up in the "lift." I was shown into the Doctor's office and smiled at a cheerful skull for a few minutes. The Doctor soon appeared with a most important air, as if he intended to look into me with a laryngoscope and percuss my chest. As soon as he recognized me, he shouted: "Why, old Buzzy, I am almost as glad to see you as if you were a patient."

"Then take this thing off my hands, will you," I said, handing him the head of Charlemagne. "It's a foolish thing which I have brought for your wife."

"Awfully good of you, old man," he said. "You'll stay to dinner of course. Mrs. D. is out shopping, but she will be back soon. Dinner of herbs, you know."

He had untied the plate by this time; he looked at it, turned pale and sank into a chair.

"You don't like it," I said. "I don't know what it's good for. You might shoot at it."

"It's very pretty, very pretty indeed," said Tom, putting it upon the table. "But it's time for you to be getting ready for dinner. Come and part your hair with a towel."

"I didn't like Tom's manner, nor the way in which he received my gift. Of course, nobody wants a brass plate with the head of Charlemagne beaten into it, but the gift-horse shouldn't be looked in the mouth in the donor's presence at least. As I stood brushing my hair, which is really almost bushy, I heard a sound like a kiss in the little parlor.

"Dear Tom," said a sweet voice. "Sixty dollars, to-day!"

"Good enough!" said Tom.

"A poor man pleased at his wife's wasting sixty dollars shopping in a single day. What madness!" I thought.

I walked into the parlor, and Mrs. Tom stepped forward to greet me; when I came into the light, she started and covered her face with her hands. Tom gave a great laugh. She was the enchanting little shopkeeper of the pretty shop.

"Buzzy," said Tom, as we lighted up our weeds after dinner, "you could have knocked me down with a feather when you gave me that Charlemagne. It was our wedding present from my great-aunt Lyman."

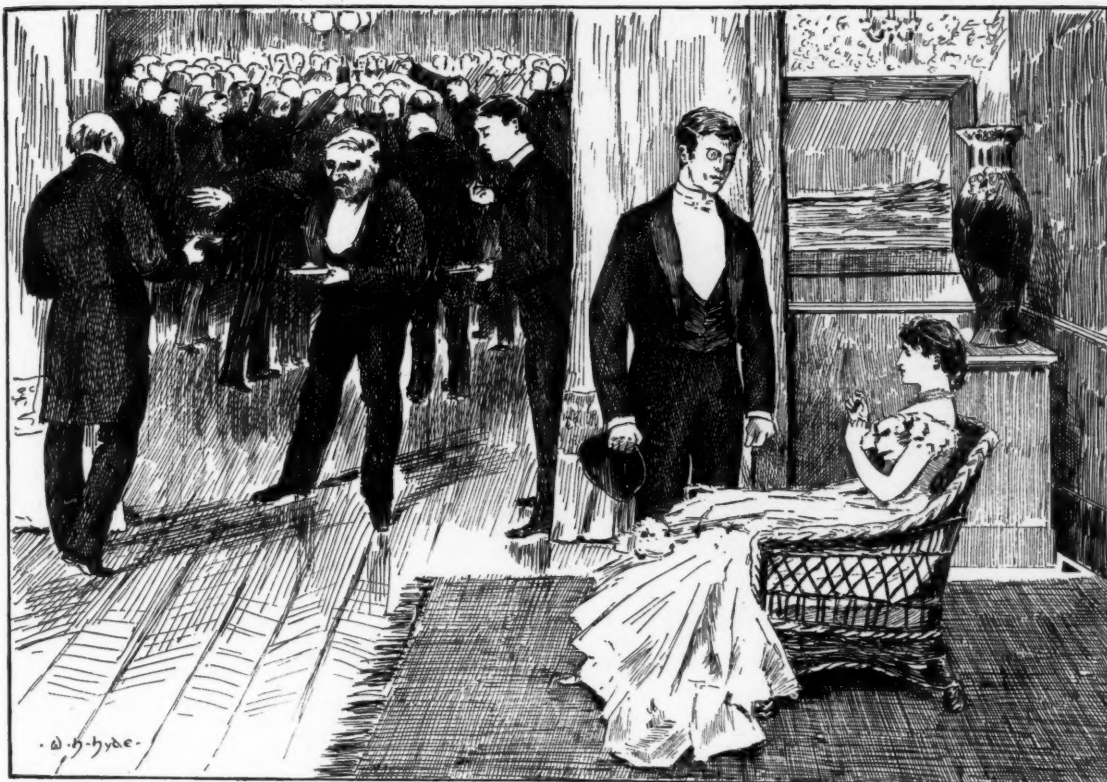
MARDI-GRAS.

FEB. 7TH, 1883.

THEY do not know the Frenchman's law
Who rashly speak of Mardi-Gras;
They do still worse, alack, alas,
Who sharply hiss out Mardi-Grass;
And they pronounce down below par,
Who hail the day as Mardi-Grar;
Sweller are they, more lah-de-dah,
Who aptly call it Mardi-Grah;
Safer it is, though rarely used—eh?
To print it simply thus:—Shrove Tuesday.

A. Z.





SO THOUGHTFUL!

She: I WONT TROUBLE YOU TO BRING ME ANY SUPPER, MR. DODGETT; JUST BRING ME A GLASS OF WATER, PLEASE.
(*And we all know how easy that is.*)

PROF. SPENCER F. BAIRD, of the Smithsonian Institution, has written to General Spinner at Jacksonville, Fla., that he is thinking of sending the Fish Hawk to St. John's River, Fla., this winter, to try the experiment of hatching shad there.—*Exchange.*

The hatching of shad by Fish Hawks, is, we suppose, what some politicians might term, "a new departure" in Pisciculture—but, then, this is an age of surprises! Should the Professor's experiment prove successful, the time may not be very far distant when we may expect even greater results from this theory of crossing the species—such, for instance, as hatching colts from horse mackerel or the breeding of southdown mutton from sheephead. Pass along the seven-league boots of science, and (speaking after the manner of some newspaper men) "give the Professor a show." He deserves it.

A NEW beverage of great healing power is now vended under the style and title of "Serkyss Tea." If it is not much more potent than circus lemonade it is not likely to do harm.

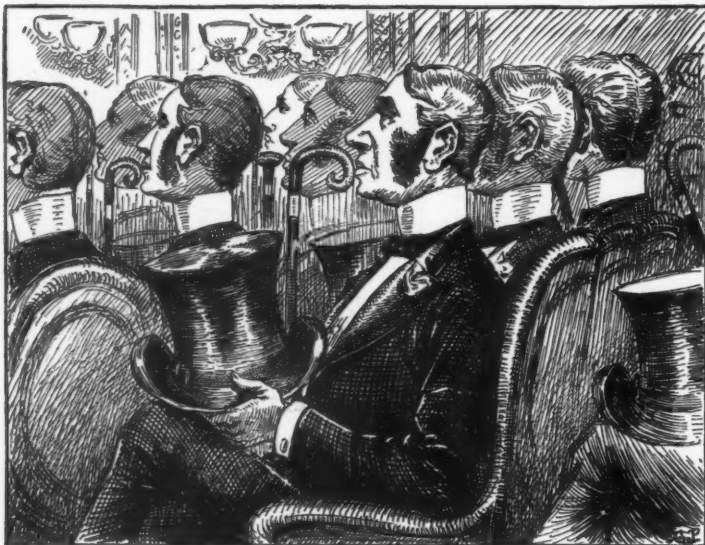
ADVICE to profane men.—Swear off.

MISS OR MRS. MARY PRYOR HACK has just put forth a book entitled "Self-Surrender." If Miss or Mrs. Mary Pryor Hack were a Western poetess or editress instead of an Englishwoman we should surmise that she had been giving away a mule.

"THE House that Jill Built" is the alluring title of a recent truly rural and truly architectural romance. Our own impression is that Jill built a house with thirteen closets, eleven cupboards, five stationary wash tubs, seventeen mirrors—and no stairs.

THE Rev. J. B. Gross has written a book called "What Makes us Unhappy?" If Mr. Gross were a grocer, it might be because he forgot to sand the sugar. As he seems to be a clergyman, it is perhaps because so many deacons are leaving for parts unknown with the money of the heathen.

"TIMOTHY" is the name of a new novel just published in Philadelphia. The fair authoress not knowing where to go for a title, has gone to grass.



OUR ANGLOMANIAC No. 1.

Why does he carry his stiff, high hat to the theatre when he has a crush hat at home?

BECAUSE IT IS THE FASHION IN ENGLAND.

NORTHERN ENNUI.

“OH! Oh! Oh!”

Miss Bowie was sighing. Whatever she did, she did with all her might, and that is why this tale begins with three consecutive Oh's.

If she had been a Northern girl she would have sighed less emphatically, and used but one, but Miss Bowie lived in Alabama. She was romantic. Had always loved to read over and over again sweet, softly-told tales of beauteous heroines who had gallantly slaughtered at a single blow myriads of uninteresting rivals. Not only had she read of such splendid tragedy in books, but she had seen it with her very eyes. Why then did she sigh? Because she is visiting in the North.

“Juliet,” she sighed. “Oh! Oh! Oh! Juliet! Have you never been in Alabama?”

“No!” whispered her companion very contentedly.

“Never in Alabama? And with such a name, too!” said Miss Bowie pathetically. “That’s just the place for such a name. In Alabama you could be a *real* Juliet. You could run away and get married! You could have duels fought about you! You could weep and groan, and feign to be happy when your heart was really breaking! Yes, and at the last you could take *real* poison, and die *real* hard! Isn’t it splendid?” And Miss Bowie clasped her little hands in enthusiasm.

IN praise of Miss H-L-N GR-Y O'C-NE (falsely and ignorantly spelled C-ne) whose “Song of Sir Palamede” appeared in *The Century*, February 1883:

Ochone!
Miss O'C-ne,
Be brave now and own
That you've tried all your might to be funny;
But cultchaw has breathed on your maidenly lyre,
And has cramped your style badly, my honey.
Wid your sneers and your snarls,
At poor Algernon Charles,
You've forgotten *he* always sings sweetly;
Whilst *your* song limps along like a *diable*
boiteux,
And your feet (you'll excuse me) are often too-
too
Yes! *quite* too immense to fit neatly.

Ochone!
Miss O'C-ne,
DON'T be funny alone.
You're too much for your wit—you depress it.
Don't assume such a highly superior tone;
Try and manage your feet—(you'll excuse it) I
own
They strike me as large. Come, confess it!
PHILIP HAY.

HUMILITY.

She set light to the fire with thy aid, Kerosene!
She rapidly rose through the ether, I ween,
And she sings as she sits on the topmost cloud:

MORAL.

Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
A. Z.

“Quite,” said Juliet, and a shudder agitated her slender form.

“Life up here is so monotonous!” continued Miss Bowie. “There’s nothing interesting in the newspapers except the Southern despatches, and those always make me home-sick. Occasionally some Northerner gets a little chivalrous and does something almost heroic, but it don’t amount to much, and isn’t often done outside of Chicago. I don’t believe that in your whole country they ever did anything half so fine as in our little village the other day. Oh, that was grand! Really worthy of the age of knights and tournaments. It caused me for a moment to shake off this terrible *ennui* of your Northern climate. And, do you know, Juliet, it served as the foundation stone on which I engraved a verse of real poetry. It’s only a wee bit of a fragment, but a perfect little pet, I think. Hush! I’ll recite it to you:

“I long for my southern home,
The land of my fairest dreams,
Where libel and slander stir up *real* dander
And wielded sword blades gleam;
Where petty discussions and strife
Are settled without litigation,
And villains are served in a way they’ve deserved
By immediate strangulation.
Where cannons and Winchester—

“But, quick! quick! Bring fans and water! Juliet has fainted! I’m so sorry—No! I’m not, either. That at least *borders* on real life.”
T. D. W.

THE FATE OF THE BRINDLED GNU.

FORTH sailed from port the pirate craft ;
Her colors were black and blue ;
Brass guns nine-pound along her frowned,
And her name was the Brindled Gnu.

Her captain bold was a dry-goods clerk ;
His name was Lehigh Cole ;
The iron of a quite stupendous blight
Had entered into his soul.

His salary was a foolish thing,
Inadequate to the wants
Of one of those who love to pose
In first-class restaurants.

He saw the window glasses stained,
And the lustre streaming wide ;
He smelled the drink and heard the clink
Of the goblets—from outside !

God pity those whose souls aspire
To things that may never be ;
The fervid soul of Lehigh Cole
Was bothered grievously.

At last in recklessness he bought—
His misery to appease—
A pair of boots of the style that suits
A pirate of the seas.

And then he chartered him a ship,
And gathered an outlaw crew ;
And thus, alas ! it came to pass
That there was a Brindled Gnu.

He sailed up into Newark bay,
By way of an episode,
When some hirelings braw let down the draw
Of the Jersey Central Road.

That was years ago ; the Gnu
Still sails that lonely bay,
And the captain knows and the crew suppose
That she never can get away.

By day the timid clammers fly
Whenever she draws near ;
It is by night a painful sight
To mark her scrimped career.

The chilled and fevered natives point
Out ever as thing of dole
The Brindled Gnu with her pirate crew,
And her Captain, Lehigh Cole. E. D. B.

TUM-TUM.

IN moments of strong feeling, the civilized æsthete and the untutored aboriginal draw near each other in expression. We are told in a late *Atlantic* of an Oregon Indian girl, who resisted the blandishments of white men until she met one Pomeroy. As soon as she met him, she surrendered, because she knew he was her "tum tum man." This phrase ought to have a success. When Frederic, gazing fondly on fair Lulu, tells her that she's really "too too," she'll promptly answer "O, my tum tum!" Then, while the bulbul sings its plaintive "boo boo," they'll plan to build their little hum, hum.



A BLIGHTED BEING.

Who is this young man? IT IS HE WHOM THE PRUDENT MAIDEN HAS REJECTED.

Does he feel badly? HE SUFFERS INEXPRESSIBLE ANGUISH.

What does he take for it? CIGARETTES.

Do they diminish his pain? TEMPORARILY ; BUT THEY WILL FLOOR HIM IF HE KEEPS ON.

Is it wise for him to smoke them? OH, NO ; BUT HE IS NOT TRYING VERY HARD TO BE WISE. HIS AMBITION IS MORE MODERATE. HE WILL BE SATISFIED IF HE CAN KEEP FROM MAKING A DREADFUL FOOL OF HIMSELF.

What is in the bottle? RUM.

Does he drink much of it? NOT MUCH.

Why not? Does he not love it? YES, HE LOVES RUM DEARLY ; BUT HE IS WISE ENOUGH TO KNOW THAT IF HE TAKES MUCH OF IT HIS MODERATE AMBITION IS NOT LIKELY TO BE SATISFIED.

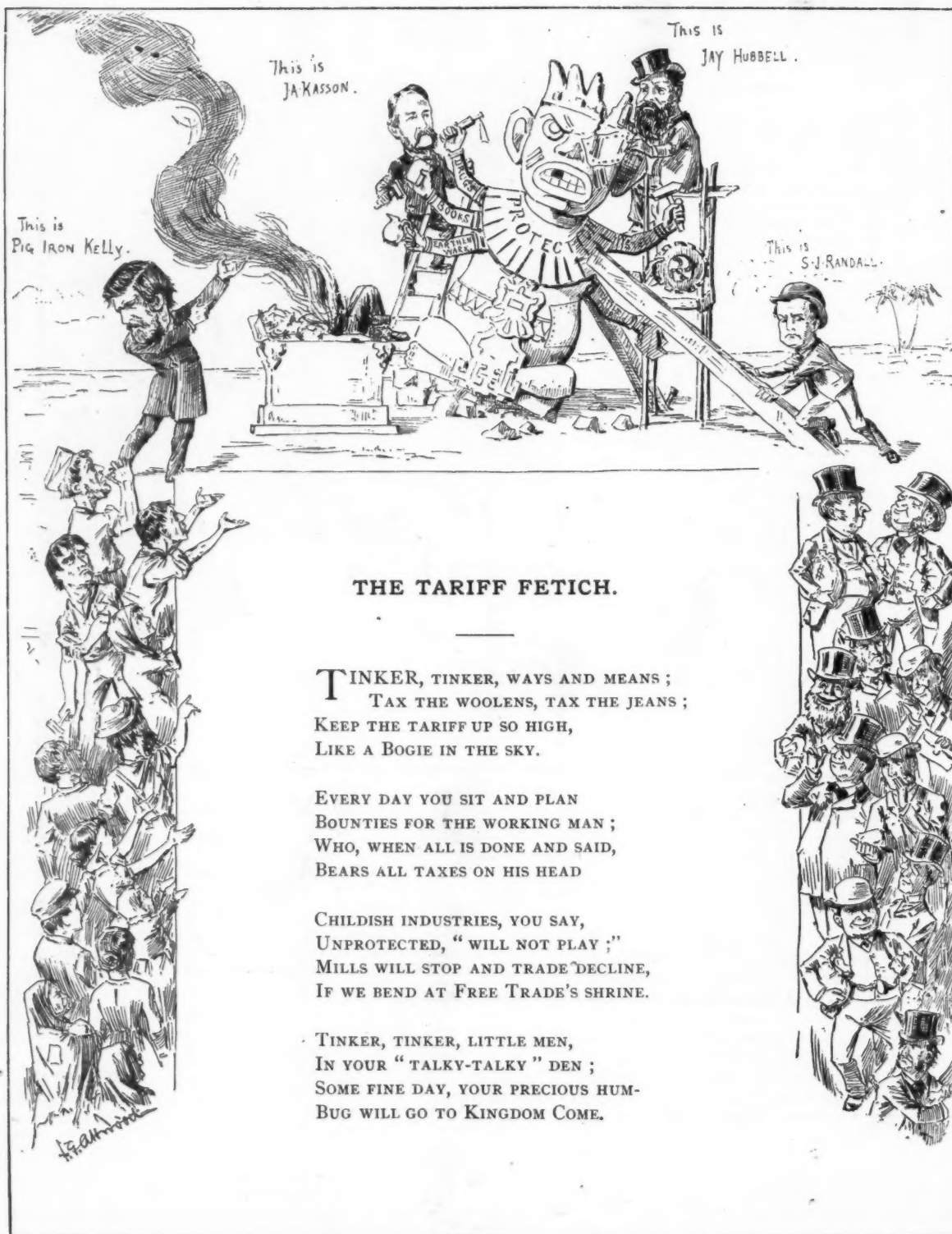
Is, then, the young man doing well? FAIRLY WELL.

And does he think he will feel better after a time? NO, HE DOES NOT THINK SO NOW.

But will he? HE WILL.

DOUBTFUL compliment.—Having your health proposed at the age of forty-five as "a promising young man."

A POOR RELATION (especially to be avoided).—Telling a story badly.



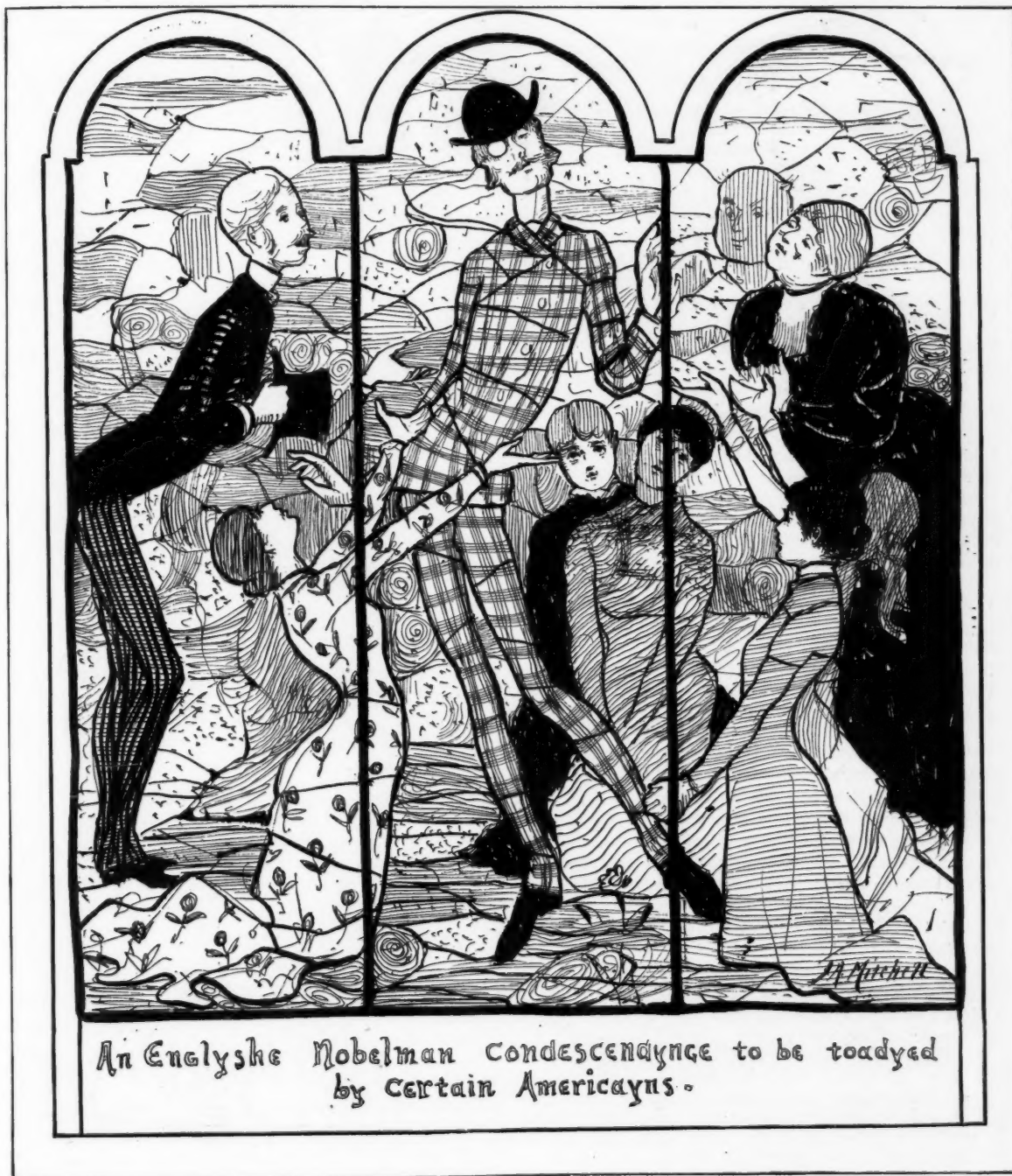
THE TARIFF FETICH.

TINKER, TINKER, WAYS AND MEANS ;
TAX THE WOOLENS, TAX THE JEANS ;
KEEP THE TARIFF UP SO HIGH,
LIKE A BOGIE IN THE SKY.

EVERY DAY YOU SIT AND PLAN
BOUNTIES FOR THE WORKING MAN ;
WHO, WHEN ALL IS DONE AND SAID,
BEARS ALL TAXES ON HIS HEAD

CHILDISH INDUSTRIES, YOU SAY,
UNPROTECTED, "WILL NOT PLAY ;"
MILLS WILL STOP AND TRADE DECLINE,
IF WE BEND AT FREE TRADE'S SHRINE.

TINKER, TINKER, LITTLE MEN,
IN YOUR "TALKY-TALKY" DEN ;
SOME FINE DAY, YOUR PRECIOUS HUM-
BUG WILL GO TO KINGDOM COME.



An Englyshe Nobelman Condescendynge to be toadyed
by Certain Americayns.

• DEDICATED TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.



LOCHINVAR EX-COLORADO.

O H, the cow-puncher Budge has come in from the West ;
In all Colorado his ranch is the best ;
And, barring a-toothbrush, he baggage had none,
For he came in some haste, and he came not for fun ;
Nor vigils nor gold to his quest does he grudge—
On an errand of love comes the cow-puncher Budge.

A telegram reached him ; he called for a horse ;
He rode ninety miles as a matter of course ;
The last twenty-seven he galloped, and then
Just caught the Atlantic Express at Cheyenne.
He staid not to eat nor to drink, for he knew
He could pick up a meal on the C. B. and Q.

He got to Chicago the second day out,
But right through Chicago he kept on his route,
Nor staid to buy linen, not even a shirt ;
He liked flannel best and he didn't mind dirt.
With trowsers tucked into his boots, said he "Fudge—
Small odds—if I get there," said bold Robert Budge.

* * * * *

From Worth, the Parisian of awful repute,
Had come divers gowns to Angelica Bute,
And parcels from Tiffany daily were stowed
Away in strong rooms of her father's abode ;
But she languished, nor heeded she hint, cough or nudge ;
She was bound to Fitz James, but she cottoned to Budge.

But hark ! 'Tis the door-bell ! A symptom of joy
Lights her eye—" Ah ! at last ! " 'tis a messenger boy ;
The maid brings a message ; she takes it, half dead
With mingled excitement, hope, eagerness—dread.
" Mayor's house, on Thursday, at nine ; let me judge
What next ; only meet me there
faithfully,
Budge."

* * * * *

On Thursday at nine, to the house of the Mayor,
Two persons came singly, but left it a pair.
A man, and a bride in a travelling dress,
Went Westward at ten on the Lightning Express.
A wedding at Grace Church which should have occurred
At twelve, was, for reasons not given, deferred.



The dowagers called it the greatest of shames ;
The men said, "It's rough on that fellow Fitz James ;"
The damsels declared it was awfully nice,
And vowed they could do it and never think twice.
" It's a chore to get housemaids ; you may have to drudge
At the start ; but—I love you," said cow-puncher Budge.



THE gentleman who was unsuccessful in rounding a corner, has finally succeeded in turning a conversation to the admiration of all his friends.

QUIXOTE AND THE INTERVIEWERS.

HIS TESTIMONY ON CORNERS.



HEN Don Quixote found himself incarcerated in the cell of a police-station, he looked about him, and began to utter encomiums on the place. "What a happy Republic!" he cried. "This, I take it, is one of those halls where you confine legislators in order that they may meditate on the most desirable laws. An admirable arrangement!"

We had to break it to him gently that, though many of the

persons he alluded to ought to be there, they were absent from their post.

"Shame upon those recreant knights!" he exclaimed. "Doubtless, then, they are feasting somewhere at the public expense, when they should be availing themselves of the privilege here afforded. This contrivance of bars is excellent for keeping off intruders." And he shook the grating behind which he had been locked, as if rejoicing in its protection.

Just at that moment, however, a shadow fell upon the floor at the foot of the steps we had descended. I knew by its inky hue that it must be the shadow of an interviewer. This proved to be the case; and behind him stood a second interviewer; behind him a third, and so on. A policeman at the top of the stairs told us that the line extended to the street, and that it could be seen gathering numbers as much as a block away. "They're comin' thick," he added; "thick as buzzards!"

Nevertheless, all the officers on duty brought their clubs to a "present," and bowed submissive before these press representatives.

On they came with measured step, and when the first one stopped in front of the Don's cell, the rest continued to "mark time" carefully—on their note-books. (They intended to charge it to the office as "expenses.")

"Have you anything to say?" asked the leader, glaring in at the imprisoned knight.

The captive was impressed. He looked up. "Are you a deputation of the learned men of the country?" he inquired.

"We are," said the interviewers in chorus. "We know more than any other class of men in the Union, for we are reporters."

"Alas, then," said Don Quixote, dropping his head upon his hands, "how hopelessly illiterate the rest of the nation must be!"

"Do not be discouraged," said the first interviewer, in a voice of surpassing sweetness. "You shall see. Have you any views? If not, I can supply you some, cheap. I have often done the same for other distinguished men." Lowering his tones, he continued: "Don't you talk with the other boys. If you close with me, I'll guarantee to drive 'em all away."

"What sort of views do you deal in?" asked the prisoner.

"Assorted mental photographs," answered the reporter, producing a quantity.

Don Quixote appealed to me, and I advised him to strike a bargain. He therefore paid a small sum, upon which the sable column of interviewers about-faced, with a shout of triumph, and departed to obtain a beer dividend from the leader, and write out their paragraphs.

This matter being settled, the next point was to bring the illustrious Don before the police justice. But there had not even been time to get him into court when he received a summons to go before the Senate Committee on "corners."

Having a weak conscience, Don Quixote thought he ought to obtain a little experience of "corners" before stating his opinion about them. "That is not at all necessary," one of the Senators explained to him. "But, to gratify you, we will allow you one day for preparation."

Accordingly he went down to Wall Street, had a conference with some brokers, and obtained permission—as a visitor of unusual renown—to go upon the floor of the Exchanges. He decided to make a corner in railroad stock, first. In the morning, just before the Board opened, he was on hand with his winged steed Poetaster; and, to every one's astonishment, he proceeded to ride into the Exchange. The door-keepers told him no animals were allowed on the floor. The knight wearily muttered something about bulls and bears being admitted; and the door-keepers were so prostrated by fatigue on hearing this joke that they became powerless to oppose his intrusion.

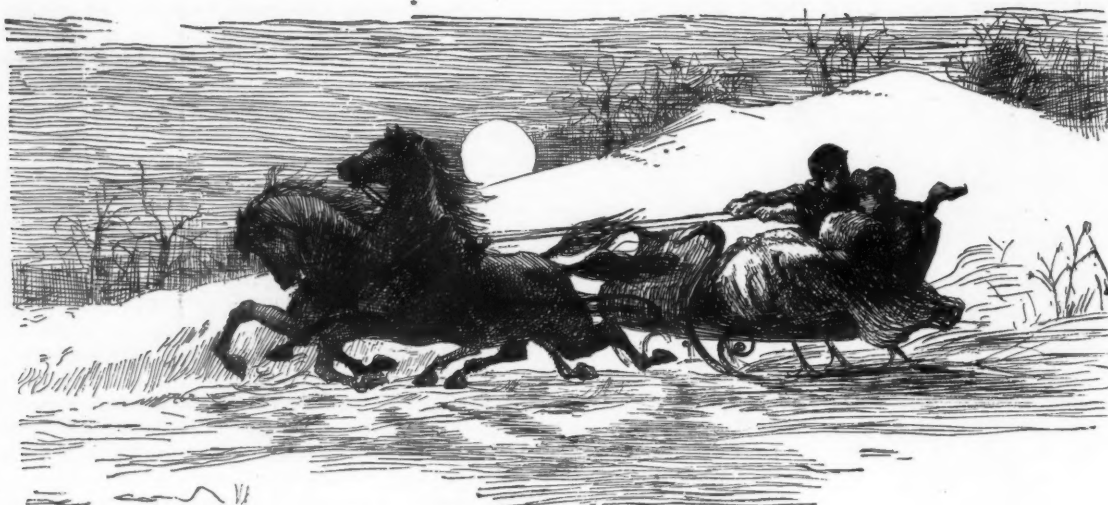
Then there occurred a thrilling episode. Don Quixote, heading on horseback a band of chosen brokers, rushed into the arena of speculation with loud cries. Those who entered by the opposite door were appalled at the sight; but before they had time to escape the hero and his followers had charged them, and captured a number of the most prominent. These they dragged into one corner—the Don carrying a couple at his saddle-bow—and there compelled them to sell large masses of stock at very low prices. "This," he announced "is what is called a forced sale!" His next move was to make another raid on the enemy, and oblige some of them to buy back at an enormous advance what he had just acquired.

When he left the scene, the neighboring streets were strewn with the ruins of small speculators, who had been destroyed by his manœuvre. "It seems cruel," he observed, "but they have perished in a good cause. For have I not illustrated the principle of corners, and at the same time simplified their process?"

Although some objection was being made to him as one of the "big and bold European operators" whom Mr. Henry Clews



QUIXOTE BEFORE THE SENATE COMMITTEE.



BROTHERLY LOVE.

SEE RICHARD! HE IS GOING TO DRIVE TWELVE MILES THIS WINTER NIGHT TO GET SOME GUM DROPS FOR HIS LITTLE BROTHER, WHO IS SICK. ELLA IS WITH HIM. ELLA IS NOT HIS SISTER. RICHARD IS NOW HOLDING ON TO THE HORSES WITH BOTH ARMS. A LITTLE LATER, WHEN THE MOON GETS BELOW THE HORIZON, ONE ARM WILL BE SUFFICIENT FOR THAT PURPOSE.

describes, he was allowed to give his testimony, which may be summarized as follows: "Corners are sometimes demoralizing, still, they have their uses. They kill off the small, puny speculator, thus aiding the survival of the fittest. They keep things stirring, and benefit the public at large, but are unsatisfactory to those who make them. That's the reason people who make them keep on doing it; they want to see if it won't be more satisfactory next time. The cornerist sacrifices himself for the advantage of others. Your monopolists in America are an oppressed class. They ought to receive government pensions, so that they could afford to keep setting up corners for the general good. We might then look for a great period of corneresque architecture, with cheap and happy homes for all."

The Senate committee cut him short, saying that they didn't care to hear any more, and would negotiate with him for the rest of his discourse as a "future"—provided that future were as remote as possible.

G. S. LATHROP.



MISFORTUNE.

He found a bottle in the street—
But water is not good to eat.

MORAL.

Of all sad words we ever hear,
The saddest are these, "It is not beer!"

THE squarest game played.—Checkers.

BUYOLOGY.—The Science of shopping.

DOUBLE-LEADED matter.—A man twice shot.

APOTHECARIES' maxim.—The labor we delight in
physics pain.

AMONG the Society of Friends it is the Earth Quaker
who usually takes the shake.

Q. E. D.—WHEREIN does the course of true love re-
semble that of a New Jersey railroad?

THE Turf Club has decided that a professional book-
maker, after making his book, shall consider his engage-
ments binding.

POPULAR SUPERSTITION.—When the man with a
little bill calls, if the servant tells him you are in, it is
very unlucky.

RECENT FICTION.

WITH EXPLANATORY NOTES.

"A REVEREND Idol."—Off on his summer vacation.

"THE House of a Merchant Prince."—The tomb or
the Tombs.

"MR. ISAACS."—Dot goat vids you lige dot baber
on dot vall!

"THE Portrait of a Lady."—Yours for health.



THEATRE COMIQUE.

HARRIGAN & HART, PURVEYORS OF AMERICAN FUN.

MESSRS. HARRIGAN & HART respectfully announce that they will present, under the supervision of the author, MR. EDWARD HARRIGAN, a New and Original Local Comedy, in Three Acts and Four Scenes, entitled

"MCsorLEY'S INFLATION."

BEFORE THE PLAY.

A SCHOOL MISTRESS FROM NEW ORLEANS (*standing on the balcony of the New York Hotel, opposite the theatre*): Mesdemoiselles!

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*to whom she gives the comforts of a home and the care of a mother*): Madame?

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS (*surveying them with a benignant smile*): Would you like that I conduct you all to the spectacle?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*with unladylike promptness*): Mais, oui, Madame! Mais, oui! We shall be enchanted.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS: I see a hall of spectacle all right in front of us, and one calls it Theatre Comique. One must play there the masterpieces of Moliere and M. Scribe. Shall we go there?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES: Mais, oui, Madame, we shall be enchanted.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS (*to a gentlemanly hotel clerk*): This Theatre Comique, is it a spectacle at the which one may conduct young ladies?

THE GENTLEMANLY HOTEL CLERK: Well, I should smile! Why, any girl can take her mother there!

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS: It appears that it is convenable. Shall we go?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES: Mais, oui, Madame, mais, oui!

ACT I.

SCENE: THE HOME OF THE MCSORLEYS.

Mr. Tony Hart is Mrs. Bridget McSorley, and she keeps a stall in Washington Market. With several aged female friends she sings a song about "The Market on Saturday Night." The audience applaud wildly, and the song is extended indefinitely. Mrs. McSorley has an altercation with Miss McKeon, an Irish-American lady, who keeps a stall in Washington Market, who wears French heels and talks English with a shrill German accent. Mrs. McSorley and Miss McKeon exchange high words and low language. Mr. Edward Harrigan appears as Daniel Mulligan—that is to say, as Peter McSorley. He explains to two highly intelligent colored gentlemen that he wishes to be elected Coroner, and that he made his fortune as a bar-keeper. With his colored friends he sings a song to the effect that "I never drink behind the bar!" The audience applaud wildly, and the song is extended indefinitely. A rival candidate for Coroner in quest of McSorley appears, and is hustled, and there is a general scrimmage, and the curtain falls on a scene of humorous and tumultuous confusion.

INTERMISSION I.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS (*to the Six Young Ladies*): This comedy is not one of the masterpieces of Moliere, is it, mesdemoiselles?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES: Mais, non, madame?

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS: It has not the air of being of M. Scribe no more, is it not mesdemoiselles?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES: Mais, non, madame.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS: And it is not written in French?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*emphatically*): Non, madame.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS: Is it, then, English?

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*doubtfully*): Non, madame.

THE SCHOOL MISTRESS (*rising*): Then it is not convenable for you to hear it. Let us go.

THE SIX YOUNG LADIES (*rising sulkily*): Non, madame.

They follow the Schoolmistress out with great regret, for they were just beginning to enjoy the riotous fun of the play.

ACT II.

SCENE FIRST: The Coroner's Office and August Funke's Beer Tunnel.

Mrs. Bridget McSorley has hidden the permit for her stall in her old feather bed, which Mr. Peter McSorley has given away. With several aged and weather-beaten female friends she sings a song about "The Old Feather Bed." The audience applaud wildly and the song is extended indefinitely.

SCENE SECOND: McNALLY'S FLATS.

A convention of off-colored gentlemen is in session. The candidates for coroner address the meeting. Mr. McSorley sings a song about "McNally's Row of Flats." The audience applaud wildly and the song is extended indefinitely. The coldness between Mrs. Bridget McSorley and Miss McKeon leads to the exchange of hot words. Mrs. McSorley, aided by her aged female friends, tries to rescue her aged feather bed, which is in the possession of one of the off-colored gentlemen. Everybody is hustled, and there is a general scrimmage, and the curtain falls on a scene of humorous and tumultuous confusion.

INTERMISSION II.

AN EMINENT AUTHOR (*lost in admiration*): What I like in this performance is its extraordinary fidelity to nature, the ultra realism, which is, of a truth, the highest art.

AN INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY, with spectacles and a bag of candy: Yes? (*with rising inflection*.)

THE EMINENT AUTHOR: Here we have the freedom of speech and promptness of personal allusion, which gave zest to the comedies of Aristophanes.

THE INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY: Yes? (*with a rising inflection*.)

THE EMINENT AUTHOR: Here we have also the license and the liberty which lent variety and vigor to the Italian *commedie dell'arte*, to which Moliere was greatly indebted.

THE INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY: Yes? (*with a rising inflection*.)

THE EMINENT AUTHOR: Here we have a cleanly and humorous form of the Naturalism which M. Zola has prated about.

THE INTELLECTUAL YOUNG LADY (*taking another candy*): It's all very funny, of course, and everybody else seems to be laughing, but I confess I think I like Salvini better.

ACT III.

SCENE: Washington Market on Saturday Night.

Five performers parade as the Salvation Army, Barracks No. 9, aided by Mr. John Wild, who accompanies them. They sing a song, "The Salvation Army, O!" aided by Mr. John Wild, who accompanies them on a big bass drum. The audience applaud wildly, and the song is extended indefinitely. A company of off-colored gentlemen parade as the Charleston Blues, with Mr. John Wild as the captain. They sing a song, "The Charleston Blues." The audience applaud wildly and the song is extended indefinitely. Mrs. McSorley and Miss McKeon renew their altercation and exchange many sharp questions and blunt answers. Mr. McSorley has a discussion with a bruiser and comes in much bruised. Mrs. McSorley rushes around to avenge him, and there is a general scrimmage and the curtain falls on a scene of humorous and tumultuous confusion.

AFTER THE PLAY.

IN THE LOBBY.

ENQUIRING YOUNG MAN: Have you amused yourself?

HIS FRIEND: I never laughed so much in my life.

ENQUIRING YOUNG MAN: Neither did I. Yet this play is not a play, for it has no story, no plot, no love interest, and indeed no comic situations.

HIS FRIEND: But, my sides are sore with laughter.

ENQUIRING YOUNG MAN: So are mine. The theatre was filled and nearly everybody was amused. I hear of people going four or five times. No, there is nothing in this play to appeal to women—who have no sense of humor. There is nothing in it to appeal to men who admire pretty women—who are a large section of mankind. Why, then, does it succeed?

HIS FRIEND: Because it is funny, very funny, and because it is marvellously well acted.

ARTHUR PENN.



THE deputation that waited on a doorstep returned with a very unsatisfactory report.



A WICKED old man of Green Valley
Shocked his nieces, Kate, Alice, and Sally,
By performing for them
On a Sunday P.M.
Some vivid impressions du ballet.

"HAVE you read of the last two defaulters?" asked Mr. Gobelin of a Thoughtful Person of his acquaintance.

"I have," replied the other—"Colonel Polk, of Tennessee, and his rival, whose name I forget, of Jersey City."

"The Jerseyman," Mr. Gobelin observed, "filled the whole bill. He had a house in town, a house in the country, a yacht, a stable, and a Sunday-school."

"Yes; I noticed that he had the last."

"When a man gets away with the funds of a bank," said Mr. Gobelin, smiling, "I always look to see whether he was superintendent of a Sunday-school, and I own to an unsatisfied longing if I find that he was not!"

The Thoughtful Person leaned forward and knocked the ashes from his cigar. "I confess," he said, "to a feeling of the same kind. I wonder why it is. There is no malice in it, I am sure. I have no fault to find with Sunday-schools. Better men than I work in them, and find them worth their time and thought. While the world calls itself Christian, it is eminently proper that the young should have religious teaching. Certainly no man of sense doubts that. And yet many of us will own to being better satisfied with a defaulter who leaves a Sunday-school behind him, than one who does not. I think the explanation of the feeling lies in the delight which we have in thoroughness. If it is inevitable that a man shall jump out of a window and be killed, we prefer that the window should be seven stories high, rather than three. If we could keep him

from jumping at all, doubtless we would; but if he is bound to come, it is more interesting to have him start high up. Then we can go and look at the spot on the pavement and imagine his feelings, and go away comfortably horrified. If a man conducts a Sunday-school, the presumption is that he is respectable, and the more respectable the man, the more interesting is the story of his ruin. And, besides, it is gratifying to see a rogue found out. A man who teaches religion on Sunday and steals from a bank the rest of the week, is presumed to be a rogue. So, in fact, when we look out for a defaulter's Sunday-school, we compliment the institution, since by that very act we concede that it creates a presumption in favor of the character of its friends.



THE LION HUNTING WITH OTHER BEASTS.

A LION entered into a limited Partnership with a Goat, an Ass and a Sheep; nor was it long ere their Hunting was rewarded by the capture of a fine, fat Ox. This prey the Lion was about to monopolize, alleging the specious Reasons that are familiar to the readers of Æsop; but, yielding to a better impulse, he submitted a Report to his Associates, pointing out the uselessness to them of this particular Quarry, in view of the fact that they were Graminivorous quadrupeds—hence, their Stomachs were not adapted to the assimilation of Animal Food. Struck with the cogency of his reasoning, the Beasts at once voted the Carcase to the Lion, charging it to the account of Operating Expenses, and proceeded to assess themselves ten cents per share per month until the millennium, when the Lion would eat Straw like the Ox, and a Dividend might reasonably be expected.

MORAL.—Thus we see that it is Just as Easy to Do Men Other Ways.

G. T. L.

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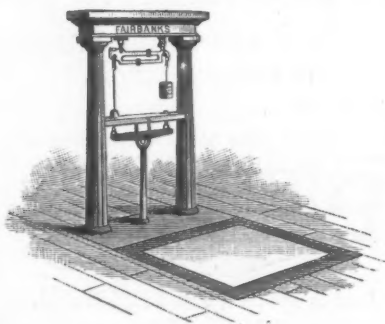
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